



THE PORCELAIN PAINTER'S SON

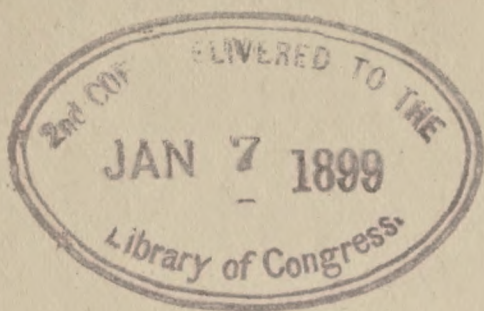
A FANTASY

BY SAMUEL ARTHUR JONES M.D.



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The Porcelain Painter's Son:

A FANTASY.

“Is not this something more than fantasy?”

—*Hamlet, Act I, Scene I.*

Edited, with a Foreword,

BY

SAMUEL ARTHUR JONES, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA :
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1898.

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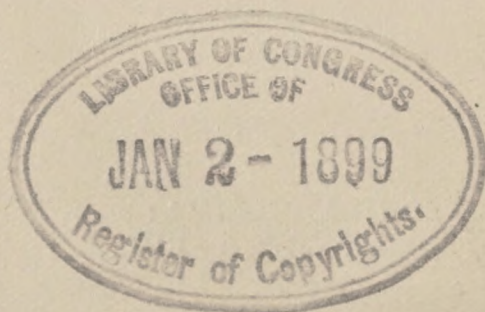
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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
A. J. T.

“Faithful amongst the faithless found.”

FOREWORD.

The editor is of the opinion that many a reader of *The Porcelain Painter's Son* will ask, "Is not this something more than fantasy?" In very truth it is; for the author, whom we have known long and very intimately, is, as he himself puts it, 'too near the end of the road' for idle trifling. It is a fantasy, but one that is founded upon a solid substratum of fact — serious fact to the porcelain painter's son, who lived it nearly a century ago. Fact and fancy are united to form the fabric; the web of a man's life is here, the flowers of fancy are wholly in the woof. He who has combined these in this fantasy felt to the very core of him that some salient facts of Hahne-mann's life should not be allowed to pass into forgetfulness so long as it is needful that any physician shall be distinguished

by the adjective 'homœopathic,' and he is fully assured that the flowers of fancy need not disturb the most serious reader: they are allowed only that they may embellish the dusty wayside of a fellowman's life just as they do our own. It is then as a sprig of rosemary ("that's for remembrance") that this fantasy is laid on the grave of him whose life-journey it briefly outlines with only so much of over-coloring as flings a deeper shadow here and there but gives the salient points a bolder relief, while it faithfully preserves the perspective.

The author writes to us, "You will see that I found the web of fact in Hahnemann's life; the woof of fancy alone is mine. The fantasy is a 'projection' not at all difficult when a deep reverence inspires the attempt to people the dead past, to even live therein in the company of actors upon whom the prompter has long since rang down the curtain. It is not surprising that, in imagination, one should be able to enter Frau Weber's

Wirtshaus and both see and hear her guests without stepping out from his own latter-day surroundings; and such is the power of sympathy that many of us can actually feel the good-hearted school-master's 'katzenjammer'—we *know how it is ourselves*,—so very human are we all !''

Both the author and his publishers have asked a slender service of the editor: to separate web from woof, and this for the sake of those who are not possessed of that knowledge of Hahnemann's career which the benefits that many of such readers have had from his labors would seem to make the obligation of a becoming sense of gratitude. These, it is to be feared, are not to be found only among the laity. We do not learn that Bradford's *Life of Hahnemann* is 'out of print,' nor are we especially concerned when a generous publisher finds himself 'out of pocket' for an endeavor to provide us homœopathic physicians with the bread of professional life

— if indeed many of us are alive, at least, to our duty !

First then as to the staple of fact, indisputable fact. It is true that Hahnemann's father was a decorator of the porcelain ware for which Meissen was famous, and a by no means contemptible artist. True it is also that he was intellectually superior to many of his class, that he was a man of original ideas, and one who did make it a special duty to give his son 'lessons in thinking.' He sowed the seed of a harvest which many of us are selfishly reaping: our ingratitude therefor being equalled only by our ignorance thereof — and both a mute reproach to any breed of parasites. The morning interview in the garden is a pure figment, but the clay-lamp and the piously-purloined oil are the simple truth. It is equally true that Herr Müller's discernment of the latent promise of the boy Hahnemann prevented the porcelain painter from apprenticing his son to his own trade. The graduation thesis, with

its significant topic, is happily 'yard wide and all wool.' The delighted school-master's post-graduate jubilation — well, if Herr Muller did n't have the precise experience, he did have every justification for such an one, and he certainly neglected a golden opportunity: surely Solomon's 'time' is good enough for saint and sinner !

The patrimony of only twenty thalers is the unadorned truth, as the many privations of Hahnemann's student life in Leipsic could amply testify — but the benedictions often come to us veiled, and we recognize them not until after many days. The student life in Leipsic is not at all exaggerated, and the timely friendship of the physician von Quarin is the greenest leaf in that worthy's chaplet: "As ye did to the least of these !"

The teaching and the night translating-work — honest wage-earning — are literally true. So, alas ! was the salubrity of Dessau. Gommern was indeed terribly lanigerous. It is only a fond hope that

there were 'two blankets' o' winter nights, for love alone is poor fuel. The pitiful accident during the exodus from Gommern did happen, but in the happier after years the memory of it lost its old-time pang.

After the physician's 'renunciation' there was found no need for the fictions of the fancy; the harsh realities of poverty furnish material more than enough. The clothes-washing, with potatoes for soap and the physician himself officiating at the tub, are such truths as adorn — do they not? —

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

And lo! in the radiance that now invests these stern privations we cannot see the sordid for the very shine of the metal of which those trusty hearts were made.

True also to the letter is the tale of the treasured hoard of dry crusts; and to-day we moisten them with our tears.

"All else of this fantasy," writes the author, "is the truth and the triumph of the truth, — *the end of which is not yet!*"

The address, which is put in as an appendix at the editor's sole instigation, was not written for publication; but this editor heard it delivered, and it is his conviction that it should be published, and precisely where it now appears. Evidently in the author's mind the two writings are closely related. In the address he openly reproves the homœopathic school in America for lapses that are not to its credit. He plainly intimates that homœopathy to-day is taken up as a trade rather than espoused as a Cause needing advocates who are penetrated by its truths. He insinuates, at least to our understanding of the address as we heard it spoken, that the mercantile spirit rather than the scholastic prevails in both professor, practitioners and students. The supreme aim and end of the student is the diploma rather than the qualification for it; the legal right to practice, without that moral right lacking which no graduate in Medicine is

other than a peril to whomsoever shall entrust life to *him*.

He by implication arraigns every homœopathic college that teaches the practice of homœopathy *without fully inculcating its principles*. He evidently ascribes the murrain of unbelief that pervades and perverts American homœopathy to this shameless dereliction.

He most earnestly believes that Hahnemann is worthy of better advocates; and he is persuaded that every college of homœopathic name or pretense can do no worthier work for years to come than teach the matriculate at least something of *the stature, the acquirements, the labors and the teachings of him who founded the homœopathic school*.

He has his own triumvirate of worthies, Hippocrates, Sydenham, Hahnemann, and measuring these by the record of their life-work, he acknowledges with devout gratitude obligations to each that are not to be measured with words; but when one asks him why do you bear the

name of a 'sect,' he makes reply: "*In common gratitude for the truth he brings that can not be found elsewhere.*"

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The Porcelain Painter's Son.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTISAN.

FROM its two side windows the candle light was gleaming and flickering upon the fading leaves of the ancient oak that overshadowed Frau Weber's *Wirthshaus* in the quaint and quiet village of Meissen. Now and then a falling leaf would swirl through the line of light to be lit up by a transient gleam of radiance ere it sank into the shadow of the night. Even so did those artless villagers, one by one, themselves drop away: the

gladness of an upright life lighting up their wrinkled faces as they too passed on into the shadow of the night.

Though cheery from without still cheerfuller was the *Wirthshaus* within. The Frau's genial *Gut'n Aben'* made the passing stranger welcome, and the comforting porcelain stove added its friendly warmth to hers. The ashen floor, nearly as white as a wheaten loaf, and the snowy sand that glistened thereon bespoke the tidy house-wife, while the polished lids of the row of beer mugs told at once of industry, cleanliness, and a wise concern for the comfort of her guests. In the place of honor on the wainscoted wall hung an old engraving of *Unser Fritz*, as the people still delighted

to call him, and directly opposite, a series of old woodcuts illustrative of *Reinicke der Fuchs*. A vigorous likeness of Luther's rugged features and one of the good-natured face of Hans Sachs completed the collection, and suggested that Frau Weber's *Wirthshaus* had patrons of an unusual order. That fact was, indeed, the crowning glory of the Frau's life, for the choicest of the village were her nightly visitants. Yes, at the Frau's tables, which were polished until they were almost mirrors, gathered a variety of groups hardly to be met out of Germany. In the *Herren Stuebchen*, the *Pastor*, *Burgomeister*, *Doktor*, and the *Amtsnotar* met evenings, and over their wine talked upon matters too high for the common ken: their

select company being shared on rare occasions by some passing traveller whose bearing denoted his superior station in life. In the main room a couple of toothless *Stamgaste* sat by themselves, and smoked and drank their beer, and exchanged their respective gatherings of the village gossip, and laughed and laughed again at the thousand-times-told jokes that were far older and even drier than themselves. Not far from these the always-jolly miller, the baker and several of the small shopkeepers met each other to discuss the crops and the market. Yet another group was composed of artisans from the porcelain factory, for which Meissen was chiefly renowned.

At this particular table might

be seen a man of extreme plainness of dress for even one of his class, but whose face was singularly attractive. He had a broad, high forehead, dark, flashing eyes, that were overshadowed by the heavily-barred brow, and a well-shapen head, which was fitly crowned with luxuriant brown curly hair. Whenever he spoke his companions seemed to forget their beer and were intent only on listening. They rarely made a direct reply to him, but were prompt enough to put their questions. He always spoke in an unassuming manner and with evident deliberation, as if he held himself accountable for his lightest word. He had learned, long before Schiller had written it, that *Ernst ist das Leben*, and with that

conviction constantly present, he lived as one realizing that he is ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.

Though one of the poorest men in Meissen, no one was more respected. The *Pastor* had always his friendliest greeting for the painter on porcelain—for that was his handicraft, and Herr Mueller, the schoolmaster, was never happier than when in his company; for which purpose, indeed, he had some time since forsaken the grander guests in the *Herren Stuebchen* in order to be with his favorite at the artisans' table. One attempt, at least, had been made to beguile the porcelain painter from the table at which his fellow-workmen gathered to the more pretentious one that was graced by the village dignitaries,

and none other than the admiring *Pastor* had sought to bring about this change. But the prompt reply to the suggestion had been: "No; he boils himself a bad soup who forgets amongst whom he was born." Despite the reproof, the more than ever admiring *Pastor* could not keep this incident to himself, and when it became known the hearts of the artisans grew closer than ever to their manful companion.

The porcelain painter's home was rich in children—the poor man's wealth, whatever else the Fates deny. These were sent to the village school as soon as they were old enough, although the teacher's stipend was a serious drain upon the meagre earnings of the father; but he and his good

wife were adepts in those self-denials of the poor that give a heavenly lustre to the lowliest lives.

One little lad, some twelve years of age, was the constant companion of the porcelain painter in such hours of leisure as his toilsome life allowed. Sunday after Sunday and on all holidays hand in hand they took their walks; and the father made Nature the book from which he taught his child. From flower, and leaf, and bird, and beast he had gotten his fresh and faithful designs for the pictures he painted on the porcelain vessels; and from long communion with nature he had learned something of the rare art of seeing. This he fain would teach his boy, leading his fresh

young mind the while from the wonders of the created thing to the grandeur and glory of the Creator.

On these delightful days the sports of his schoolmates lost their zest for the porcelain painter's son. Nothing could then beguile him from his father's side; no school-boy games could charm him into forgetfulness of the pleasant rambles, when they strolled afar and ate their frugal noonday meal by the side of some rippling brook or in some nook filled with the hidden music of the forest's birds. The boy's grave thoughtfulness, his curious questions, and even the depth of his insight, filled the father's heart with thankfulness; and, lo! poverty forgot its every pang and in a child's companion-

ship the father tasted the delights of Paradise.

As was the custom in those days, and indeed is yet in *Vaterland*, each evening the father sought the *Wirthshaus* and there rested from his day's toil in the delightful calm which shuns the gilded palace for that humbler place—the like of which Labor finds not on this earth. It was the nightly unbending of the bow that had been tightly strung all day, that would be re-strung day after day until the tired hand had lost its cunning and the eye grew dim and the worn out toiler became the pensioner of God. At these evening gatherings his companions observed that, invariably, at a certain early hour the porcelain painter emptied his *stein* and bade them

Gut' Nacht. It mattered not how interesting the conversation or how rapt his listeners—as the finger of the clock pointed to the precise minute, he uprose and took his departure.

Such was the force of the porcelain painter's personality that none of his companions had ever dreamed of calling him to account for these abrupt leave-takings, which left them a silence that they still preferred to the platitudes of common talk—although that silence was as the ceasing of pleasing music. But one memorable night the talk had soared beyond its usual wont, and their pipes had gone out, and their beer had grown flat,—and still they listened. The clock finger pointed to the well-known minute; the

porcelain painter arose, his face shining with the light of the high truths they had been considering, and with his familiar smile, he had spoken his hearty *Gut' Nacht*, when Hans Lindermann, the very oldest of his companions, grasped him by the arm, exclaiming: "*O mein lieber Freund*, why do you leave us in the sky, from which we cannot get down unless we tumble, like Satan from Heaven!"

The porcelain painter smiled gravely and with a parting bow said: "*Meine Herren*, I must go and give my boy his lesson in thinking."

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT.

THE porcelain painter was an early riser, one who spent the sluggard's hour in the care of his little garden, which was one of the thriftiest in Meissen. He was tilling the cabbages that were to furnish the winter's *Sauerkraut*, when the schoolmaster approached, uttering a cheery *Gut' Morgen*. The salutation was returned ere the two were face to face, and before the hand-grasp was over the schoolmaster began, with the eager manner of one who had business near to his heart,—“*Mein lieber*

Freund, what is this I hear from little Fritz?"

"Ach, I am afraid you and the house-mother are teaching the boy to be rebellious," replied the father, laying aside his tool with the air of one who is preparing to make good his words.

"I teach your boy to be rebellious?" repeated the schoolmaster with deliberation in his every word as if he doubted his ears.

"Have you not counselled him to stick to his books; did you not tell him his fingers were never made to mould clay or wield a painter's brush? Tell me that, Herr Mueller." The enquiry was made with an earnestness that had in it a tinge of severity as from one who was being trifled with.

Said the schoolmaster: "Of a

truth, I have." The words were spoken firmly and with the deep feeling that betokened a profound conviction of the probity of his counsel.

"It was not kind. You know my family is growing; more mouths to fill and broader backs to cover, and only the same two hands. And I have brought up Fritz to follow me in my ways of thinking; and I have always wished to see him as good a workman as ever moulded clay or painted porcelain. And I need his help to carry the load that is getting heavier every year. You, Herr Mueller, are putting yourself between the boy and his duty to me; and he is so fond of you that had you advised him properly, he would long since have been an entered

apprentice. Is that right; is that friendly?"

The schoolmaster was deeply moved. "*O mein lieber Freund*, what if I did put myself between the boy and his earthly father, if I was then showing him his duty to his Father in Heaven?"

"Not so fast, Herr Schullehrer. You forget your lesson: what means it when that heavenly Father says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother?' " There was fire in his words and the flash of his dark eyes showed rising anger.

The schoolmaster's matutinal visit was made by pre-arrangement with the porcelain painter's wife; she was his ardent ally in abetting what her husband called his son's "rebellion." She had watched for the pedagogue's coming, and with

a woman's wit had waited for the fitting moment to join the group in the garden, and this her husband's rising voice had indicated. As she drew near, the schoolmaster gave her his morning salutation with grave dignity, adding, "You have come happily, for my best friend is blaming me wrongly."

"Answer my question; do not hide in the bush, Herr Schulmeister," said the father sharply and sternly.

"House-father," interposed the wife. He turned her quickly: "Stop! Christina; *I* am at school now, and I have asked my teacher a question which he forgets to answer: you know not what it is."

She held her peace and the schoolmaster made reply. "What said the Christ when he left his

father and mother in Jerusalem and they were obliged to turn back and seek him: 'I go about my Father's business.' I have studied your son as you do the piece of porcelain you are about to ornament. Has it been said that you ever put an improper design upon anything you have painted? You are an artist as well as an artisan, and you consider the fitness of the vessel for its ornament. I, too, am *a worker in clay*, and shall I not seek for the fitting ornament? My work is for the temple of the living God, and to Him must I make answer for any neglect of my duty. That you could teach your son the cunning of your hands is undoubted; but that he was not made to mould or paint porcelain my heart believes and my head *knows*.

He has the divine gift for learning languages, and the tasks that are as mountains to his schoolmates are only ant-hills which he gets over with a single stride; and do you think I do not know what all this means. A precious stone of singular size and beauty is polished for the Emperor's cabinet, and a mind of rare promise must be cultivated for the glory of God."

"Amen!" said the mother, her eyes brimming with tears, as from under her apron she reached out her hand to her husband, holding in it a rude lamp fashioned from unbaked clay: "O House-father, strive not against the will of the Lord! See this." She placed the little lamp in his hand. "When you forbade the boy to go on with his books, he made this lamp that

he might secretly study with the oil I stole for him. Had he taken a house-lamp you would have missed it and found him out. You can put out the boy's lamp, but, O House-father, there is a light in the boy that only God who gave it can put out."

There was silence, and the porcelain painter stood holding the lamp in his hand, and the birds sang in the cherrytree, and the laughter of little children came ringing from the house.

"Perhaps you are wiser than I," said the father, speaking slowly and in a subdued tone, "but the little ones, whose laughter you hear, must be clothed and fed, and I not only cannot spare the help of my son: I *need* the very money

that must be paid for his teaching."

"That is already provided for," said the teacher eagerly, "nor is it charity, for even now he can assist me for as much as his teaching would cost, and soon he can earn something beside. You see, my friend, the God who endowed him is also shaping his way."

Slowly the father said: "I will think of this," and he parted with the rejoicing teacher after a hearty shake of the hand.

As the husband and wife entered their dwelling the schoolmaster was closing the little gate behind him, and a passer by could have heard him thinking aloud "I shall see that boy in the pulpit before I die!"

That night the schoolmaster

went to Frau Weber's *Wirthshaus* with unusual eagerness. He knew the porcelain painter's promptitude, and he felt sure that his decision would have been made long before sunset. He went there with joyful expectation, for he saw that the father's heart had been deeply stirred at that morning's interview in the garden.

Alas, for the frailty of poor human nature! After the porcelain painter had left the *Wirthshaus*, it was soon to be seen that the schoolmaster was going beyond his allowance; *stein* followed *stein*, until he suddenly jumped to his feet and declared that every soul in the *Wirthshaus* must join him in singing "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" The hymn was sang to humor him, and in the second

stanza the schoolmaster's voice soared far above the rest.

“ Mit unsrer Macht ist Nichts gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren:
Es streit't fur uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.”

* * * *

A little later, when the last belated guest had departed, Frau Weber's man-servant was helping the *gemuethlich* schoolmaster to a friendly bed in the *Wirthshaus*.

* * * *

There was but one other transgression of this nature during all the remainder of the schoolmaster's life, and that occurred on the evening of the day wherein his favorite pupil was graduated in the *Fuersten Schule* of Meissen.

Nearly the whole village turned

out to hear the porcelain painter's son read his graduation thesis, *On the Wonderful Construction of the Human Hand*.

How the artless villagers did stare at one another and at the young man who had grown up under their very eyes, and yet could tell them so much about their own hands of which they had never dreamed. They had indeed found fingers and thumbs exceedingly convenient and useful, but until that day they had not really known what a hand is. The student's thesis pleased the exoteric hearers, who never think of reading between the lines; while the esoteric few fancied they discerned in it a delicate tribute to the well-known skill of the porcelain painter's hands.

Of this few was Doctor Poerner, and his delight surpassed all description. On one point, however, all were agreed, namely, that the porcelain painter had most assuredly given his son "lessons in thinking," had taught him to look beyond the mere surface show and to discern occult qualities that are so plainly discovered when once genius had pointed them out.

It was on the night of the graduation that the *Pastor*, *Burgomeister*, and *Amstnotar*, led by the exuberant Doctor Poerner, left the *Herren Stuebchen* and, gathering around the artisans' table, drank the porcelain painter's health, especially thanking him for the bringing up of a son who would "one day do honor to Meissen." Wineglasses clinked, beer mugs

resounded on the oaken table, and a chorus of *Hochs!* went through the roof of the *Wirthshaus* in a manner that might startle the stars.

When the toast had been duly honored, the porcelain painter arose. His face had a strange seriousness, and his voice sounded as if it came to him from afar. "*Meine Herren:* the praise is not mine. I would have made a horn spoon of that from which he," and he fixed his eyes upon the schoolmaster, "has produced a sword handle for the King." And then he impressively related the long-past interview with the schoolmaster in the garden. "Never," he continued, "can I forget his words: 'I, too, am a *worker in clay*, and shall I not

seek the fitting ornament? My work is for the temple of the living God, and to Him must I give answer for any neglect of my duty.' ”

Then upspoke the wealthy Burgomeister, addressing himself to the astonished schoolmaster: “Herr Mueller, you are an honor to Meissen. Blessed is he that magnifieth his calling. Frau Weber, all these guests will drink with me the health of our faithful Schulemeister, and in your best wine.”

The health was drank with fervor, and the overwhelmed schoolmaster attempted to make reply but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he could only stammer in helpless confusion.

“More wine!” shouted the black-

smith. "He can only sometimes talk, but always drink."

The Burgomeister clapped his hands at this sally and gave order for unlimited wine.

"Wein auf bier das rath ich dir."

So runs the rhyme; but, alas! the overjoyed Schulemeister was again put to bed in the *Wirthshaus*.

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When the autumn came the porcelain painter's son started for Leipsic to prepare himself for the medical profession. He had twenty thalers in his pocket his whole and only patrimony; but he had in his heart principles that would bloom perennially, and on his head a father's blessing; and with him went a mother's prayers.

Nor had Dr. Poerner forgotten him. The world is before him, and it is "a mad world, my masters."

CHAPTER III.

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS RENUNCIATION.

“I can myself testify that while I was at Leipsic I honestly tried to follow my father’s injunction neither to play a merely passive part in the matter of learning. Neither did I neglect exercise and fresh air, in order to preserve that strength of body by which alone mental exertion can be sustained.” This is a glimpse from a retrospect taken when the seamy side of life was safely passed; but the testimony is too modestly stated. With his whole fortune of twenty thalers in his pocket, and that pitiful pit-

tance much lessened before he had reached his destination, he who was to attend lectures and provide clothing, food and lodgings for himself must either find a Fortunatus' purse or make one.

But his graduation thesis had so pleased Doctor Poerner, Counsellor of Mines at Meissen, that he had written to the Faculty at Leipsic, telling them of the promise that lay unfolded in the poor student, and everyone of the professors remitted his fee. This was a precious lift, and the student proved his worthiness by the most unremitting attendance upon their lectures. He also taught languages, and made translations for the booksellers: Leipsic being even then the chief book mart in Germany. His zeal and industry were

such that he often worked throughout the night. Without robust health and one of the best of constitutions he could never have withstood such wearing toil.

After two years of study at Leipsic he went to Vienna for the sake of that hospital experience which was not then to be had at the former place. There his exemplary conduct won for him the esteem and friendship of the Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor; and of whom the grateful student wrote, in happier days that were still far off, "Freiherr von Quarin singled me out, loved me and taught me as if I were his sole pupil in Vienna, and even more than that; and all without expecting any pecuniary from me." We are not obliged to take only the

grateful student's word for this — Professor Bischoff also has written : “ Freiherr von Quarin bestowed on him his special friendship.” It is also well known that this favorite student was the only one whom von Quarin took with him on his visits to his private patients. And later on, when his slender earnings were insufficient to enable him to continue his studies for the obtaining of his diploma, it was still von Quarin whose good word secured for the porcelain painter's son the position of resident physician at Hermannstadt, under the patronage of Baron von Bruckenthal, of whose extensive library he also took charge. “ No, your Excellency ; not yet a graduate, but fully competent for the professional responsibilities of the physician ;

and your Excellency will also find him a scholar, a fine linguist, and one not a stranger to the value and uses of a library."

Twenty-one months' service in this field enabled him to earn sufficient to go to Erlangen and take his degree.

Now the world is before him; as a duly qualified physician he can choose his abiding place. Softly! the world is the oyster of only him who can open it.

The heart of the porcelain painter's son hungered for Saxony, as he says only a *Cur Saxon* can, and he settled himself for practice in the little town of Hettstadt, but only to find, after a nine months' sojourn, that it had little need for a physician. He then removed to Dessau, where he found

some patronage and, what was better, a wife. The largest "old school" dose he ever took was a druggist's daughter; and in his circumstances it must have been that two blankets are better than one which determined the bold step for the impecunious physician. Alas! the wife and the supplementary blanket were about all that he got in stony Dessau; and wives must be fed and blankets wear out, and the good folk of Dessau are so terribly healthy!

At the end of the first year of his marriage he was appointed District Physician at Gommern, in which position he will receive the Government's stipendium as an official. Bravo! the oyster is opening, surely opening! Courage, and patch the thin blankets! The

young wife shared his delight to the full, and to Gommern the couple went. Never before had there been a physician in that place; he had a fresh field and all to himself. Surely, his prospects were rosier than even the blushing dawn of his double-blanketed wedding-day!

Three years this couple existed in Gommern, but how they only know, for the State stipend was but a pittance, and not even the apothecary father-in-law could coin the gold in stony Gommern to help them: the daughter and her blanket being all that he could bestow.

Lack practice? Bless you! he never lacked practice; he was busy enough to satisfy even so earnest a man as he. He was gathering precious experience every day; he

was putting drugs to the test, and in after years he naively admitted that his patients would have come off better had he given them nothing — and that is more than true of much of the therapeutics of the lecture room and the laboratory to-day. Strange as it may seem, breeding bacteria is a costly pastime for even a philosopher; naming them affords harmless occupation for bookmakers, and such breeding and christening is called “science.” Now there is both the science and the art of Medicine; let the philosophers have their fill of science, but in God’s name! let the sick have the art. They do not need your “cultures;” they are asking, and largely in vain, for “destructions,” and *that* not of *themselves*!

The physician, be it known, has to deal with four species of patients; the rich and the poor. But that is only two varieties! Aye, but the poor are subdivisible: there are "the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils." Before leaving Gommern the famishing physician approached one of the first class in this category, a well-to-do farmer, and asked him frankly why he had never patronized him. The reply is worth preserving: "Herr Doktor, we people have lived in Gommern four hundred years without one of your kind, and we cannot play foolish now for your sake. If you could do anything for a sick sheep, we might find use for you."

The disgusted District Physician sought a place where sheep

were not supreme. He hired a *Fuhrwerk*, packed into it his household goods, wife and children — for, somehow, children come whether practice pays or not — and shaking off the dust of his feet as a testimony against all swine, departed from Gommern.

O implacable Misfortune, thou who delightest in doubling the misery of those on whom once Fate has frowned, why art thou so relentless, why dost thou shower thy fiery darts as well upon the just as the unjust, on gray-haired sire and helpless babe alike? Doth the old, old *Weltschmerz* need aught from thee!

Whilst journeying from Gommern a bad place in the highway caused the *Fuhrwerk* to overturn and tumble down a steep declivity

until it rested in a brook swollen by the rain that had undermined the road. An infant son was so severely injured that he shortly after died; an older daughter broke her arm, and as if this were not enough, his household effects were sadly damaged by the water. Some peasants helped the unfortunates to the nearest village; and when the fractured arm was healed the father's slender purse grinned gauntly in his face.

It is a sordid picture but it is the truth. In the mysterious orderings of Providence this discipline was needful for the developing of even so upright a man as the porcelain painter's son. But, although he had not been able to emerge from the poverty in which he was born, he still had a robust

body, a brave heart, and the patience and the indomitable courage that are akin to these — and these must sustain him when there comes to him the still darker dispensation.

If my reader has been led to regard this man as merely an unsuccessful practitioner he must rid himself of that most erroneous conception. He was, instead, that most successful of all practitioners — a thinking one! In the unremunerative years that he had lived he not only faithfully followed up his father's "lessons in thinking," but he had also carefully husbanded, rigidly scrutinized and unfalteringly questioned every day of his professional life; and all this was to bear precious fruit, although as yet not even the bud

could be seen. In the several insignificant villages wherein he had valiantly struggled for a bare subsistence, he had nevertheless written some books that were not unheeded in their day, and are noteworthy even to-day. His contributions to chemistry had won for him the encomiums of Berzelius, and Hufeland ranked the struggling physician among the very first of his profession in Germany. Jean Paul, *der Einzige*, termed him that "double-headed prodigy of learning and philosophy," — and yet this learning and philosophy were destined to bring him to the very brink of despair. O ye who would go smoothly through life, swim with the tide, spread your sail to catch the "trade winds;" ask no trouble-

some questions; let others do the deep-thinking, and the challenging of the old beliefs: then shall you never behold the bottom of your meal tub grinning at your greenness.

The porcelain painter's son had already asked too many questions, and still each day brought a new one, deeper-reaching and more perplexing. In Gommern, in sheep-loving Gommern, he had owned to himself that the sick would really have done better had they taken no medicine whatever: yet he was fully abreast with the so-called science of his day. Hufeland's famous *Journal* had no contributor whose papers were more warmly welcomed. But his questions led him deeper and deeper, while day after day his doubts grew stronger

and stronger, and in vain did he say to himself: "It is not I who am at fault; it is the art of Medicine that is wrong." Daily this unwelcome conviction deepened, until at last he asked himself: "If I think that the sick will fare better without our hap-hazard medicines — and in my heart I do so think — why do I practise? Am I honest in so doing? I know that I can prescribe as skillfully as the best of those who now give medicine; but if I am convinced that the *sick will do better with no medicine at all*—God help me! I will practice no more!"

From the hour of his renunciation he turned to Chemistry, and he has left an enviable name in the history of that science; he also worked night and day as a trans-

lator for his old friends the booksellers. But with all his toil, and he could, indeed, *toil*, the publishers' pittance was small, and even German frugality was taxed beyond its possibilities. O genius of Poverty, help this struggling pair with every honest device that Necessity can conceive; help the good house-mother's needle to outdo the cunning of Penelope so that she may indeed

“Gar auld claes luik amaist as weel as new.”

Alas! one may cheat the back, but the belly is inexorable; and the cry of a famishing child — merciful God, is *that* ever heard in Heaven!

One day his faithful wife's face betrayed her; she was in the depth

of a quandary ; her husband saw this, and questioned her.

“Well, House-father, our clothes, although they are poor, must not also be dirty: I want to wash them and I have no soap.”

He turned to look at her, dropping his pen, and he could but see that the rosy cheeks, that won him in those early days at Dessau, were worn and faded. He sprang from his table and kissed her. “No soap? Well, I must teach you a trick; and as I must also show you how it is done, I will wash the clothes, and without soap.”

His little son, Fritz, looked on with a pair of wondering eyes, and soon called his sister from her play to see the grave House-father bare-armed at the washtub.

Despite the remonstrance of the wife and her expostulation that for him to do her work would disgrace her as a reputable Hausfrau, he performed the feat of washing the clothes without soap — using potatoes because they were so much cheaper.

The thin, worn cheeks were not forgotten, and until the coming of better days one of the most learned physicians of Germany assisted in doing the family washing.

And now, brave heart, be stronger still, for there is yet a cup of bitterness that shall search thee still more sorely.

They were living, oh, how frugally, on the small earnings of the father's pen; their only bread the black, barley loaf of the peasant, and that there might be no words

of complaint about the equitable sharing of it, the father dealt it out by weight, each receiving the portion due. One day a little daughter, who had long been drooping, fell seriously ill. The poor sufferer could not eat, but she piously treasured up her daily portion of black bread against the time of her recovery, when the accumulated hoard would enable her to enjoy, oh, such a boutiful meal; and her eye lit up as she saw her hoard increasing.

Perhaps it was in a dream that the Messenger told his errand, for the child knew her doom; so one day she called her favorite sister to her and solemnly bequeathed to her the dry black crusts, telling her that she herself should never recover to eat them.

Bear up, brave heart; the uttermost bitterness of thy renunciation is reached; the night is dark; there shines no star, but be steadfast to duty: lose not sight of that. Bear up:

“ God’s in His heaven;
All’s right with the world.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS
REWARD.

IN Medicine, the fame of William Cullen was second only to that of Hermann Boerhaave, and when the porcelain painter's son was wearing the thorn-crown of his renunciation the Scottish professor was the brightest luminary in the firmament of the medical world. One day, fresh from the Edinburgh press, there came his famous "Treatise of The Materia Medica," and the enterprising German publisher put it at once into the hands of his hack for translation.

Now, despite the privations that had followed his renunciation of the practice of Medicine, the porcelain painter's son had kept up his habit of thinking, and whilst he was translating the Scottish physician's text there came to him a ray of light in the darkness. It was, indeed, the dawning of a brighter day for Medicine than any of which he had ever dared to dream.

How that strange *thought* haunted him; he could not dismiss it, and yet it was distracting his attention from the text he was to translate. He had not half finished his daily stint, and his children's voices reminded him that they must be fed; but work he could not, that one *thought* had laid a spell on him. With a sigh he laid aside

his pen and went forth into the fields, but nature had lost her charm for him, because that importunate *thought* followed him like his own shadow.

This *thought* came to him in the shape of a question, and this question challenged him to experiment. He experiment! He play the leisurely philosopher when he had barely time enough to provide a slender living for his family! But he found no peace; experiment he must and experiment he did. O Spirit of the long-dead porcelain painter, be near to him whom thou didst teach to think; guard him from error, clarify his sight, direct his steps, for he has reached the parting of the ways and the issues thereof are those of life and of death!

The *thought* that had so disturbed the porcelain painter's son had in it both a question and a conjecture; and his first experiment had answered the question by confirming the significant conjecture. For him this was not enough. He had all the sanity of Genius, and he knew that the value of a single instance must be proven to be not an exceptional quantity but an invariable; it must be the constant result of law, not the chance product of accident. How he was tempted to wholly neglect the daily task that brought him bread in his eagerness to follow the clue that would lead him — whither? He did not know, nor did it then enter into his fondest imaginations to conceive; but he remembered those heroic student

days of strenuous endeavor in Leipsic, and he lived a double life of translating and experimenting.

O Joy! after each successive experiment there came again, and again, and again, ever the same, the unvarying result. He continued piling experiment upon experiment; getting from each new experiment the positive confirmation of the first, Heaven-inspired conjecture, until it seemed as if his list of positive affirmations had been lengthened unto superfluity. Then he turned from his experiments to formulate the *thought* that had disturbed him when he was laboring over the pages of Cullen's *Materia Medica*, and the formula took on this shape:

Any substance that relieves diseased conditions will produce simi-

lar conditions when taken in suitable quantities and for a sufficient period of time by those in health ; and it is this property in drugs that makes them medicines.

He was ready to distrust his own formula, for was he not the first of woman born to frame it? But was it not buttressed by hundreds of careful experiments, and had he not invariably received the self-same reply whenever he had interrogated Nature with the Heaven-sent clue in his hand?

He had also the modesty of genius, and he asked himself if it could be possible that he alone of all the race had discerned the new truth ; whereupon he began to ransack the records of Medicine from the earliest period. Thanks to Herr Mueller, the faithful school-

master of Meissen, who had long years before seen that the porcelain painter's son had "the divine gift of tongues," and had made a struggle that this gift might not be despised and rejected: thanks to his insight, for his pupil was now enabled by his linguistic attainments to make an exhaustive search throughout the whole realm of medical literature. On reading the records he soon found that Jewish, Arabian, Greek and Roman physicians had reported cure after cure which had been accomplished by the use of the very same drugs that had produced in him the likeness of those recorded diseases when he had experimented upon himself, his family and his friends with the self-same drugs. Better even than this, he found that Hip-

pocrates, "the divine old man of Cos," had sanctioned a method of practice based upon the very formula which he himself had reached by the strictest Baconian investigation. He found, too, that Haller had recommended experiments with drugs upon the healthy body, "*in corpore sano*," in order to determine the *actual effects* of these agents. But Haller had also taught that it was then necessary to experiment again with the same drugs upon the sick, "*in corpore vile*," in order to learn what the same drugs would do in disease. As a drug cannot possibly act the same in a healthy body and in one that is diseased, because the conditions under which the experiment is made with it are not the same or even similar, of what use,

then, is the Hallerian *experiment upon the healthy body*? Suppose that Haller had learned by experiment with a hitherto unknown drug upon a healthy man that it acted by making him vomit; what value had that fact for a system of therapeutics whose armamentarium was already rich in emetics? But suppose that an experiment upon a healthy man with the new emetic showed the physician *in just what kind of an attack of vomiting, occurring in a sick man*, that very drug would relieve the sufferer “quickly, safely, and pleasantly?” Then, indeed, is there sense in and need for the experiment *upon the healthy man*. In fact, in this very feature alone and only is there any philosophical justification for the experiment

upon the healthy: why else should a person in health be put to such discomfort? The pseudo-science that declares otherwise is a delusion and a sham, or in the words of one of its own disgusted disciples, such a system of therapeutics is "the withered branch of Medicine."

The porcelain painter's son found, to his own surprise, that he had of a certainty gone beyond all the previous generations of men in the realm of rational therapeutics. He had stripped the art of its perplexing uncertainties because he had based the proper exercise of it upon a law of Nature. He had learned the alphabet of Nature, and with it he could read her therapeutic method. And he, first of all men, said to the world:

You can learn what any medicinal substance is capable of doing in the human organism by administering it, in suitable doses and for a sufficient period of time, to persons in health.

It will then evince its properties by producing symptoms, or "signs," of distress that were not felt before taking it; and it is this property of causing symptoms that makes it a remedy for them when they occur as disease.

Why? Because that very drug will dissipate such symptoms in the sick as it is capable of causing in the well.

How do we know this? First, by experiments with this drug upon the healthy alone—which experiments will show what symptoms that drug is capable of occasion-

ing — and, secondly, by administering that very drug to the sick presenting similar symptoms, which it will abolish in every case of curable disease.

This last procedure is not “an experiment upon the body in disease:” it is, instead, a demonstration of Nature’s law that LIKE IS TO BE TREATED BY LIKE.

If this is pronounced only theory by some caviler, it still has this somewhat unusual merit amongst theories, as theories go, namely,—it can be tested by precise experiment and thereby exposed, if false. It differs from all other therapeutic systems in that it challenges such a refutation from foe and friend alike. “This doctrine appeals not only chiefly,

but *solely*, to the verdict of experience — ‘repeat the experiments,’ it cries aloud, ‘repeat them carefully and accurately, and you will find the doctrine confirmed at every step’ — and it does what no medical doctrine ever did or could do, it *insists* upon being ‘judged by the result.’ ”

The boy who was *taught to think* is a Pontifex who could not, indeed, bridge the universal grave, but he has erected a *Pons asinorum* impassable forever to pseudo-science.

With this new light upon his path the porcelain painter's son resumed the practice of Medicine. His guide to the treatment of any disease being first to get all the symptoms, or “signs,” of it by every possible method of examina-

tion known to the science of Medicine; his further process there-upon to find what drug produced a similar set of "signs," — then, upon administering that drug, *in justa dosi*, recovery followed in accordance with Nature's law of cure.

As he had discovered what symptoms each drug would produce by its action, *singly*, upon the human organism in health—for, if he mixed drugs in such an experiment, how could he learn what particular symptoms each ingredient produced?—it follows that he gave each drug *singly* in the disease whose total symptoms most closely resembled the total of effects it produced in the healthy experimenter. This, too, is not the device of a theorist; it springs directly from the very therapeutic

law which selects a given drug from all other drugs for a given congeries of symptoms, on account of the nearness of its similitude.

Having discovered the therapeutic law by experiment, and being confined by it to a single remedy in prescribing, it still remained for experiment to determine if the quantity of the dose is a matter of indifference. On resuming the practice of Medicine under the guidance of the newly-discovered therapeutic law the porcelain painter's son at first administered such doses, in quantity, as were given by his fellow physicians of the method of practice that he had renounced; but he thereupon found that as a drug selected from the similarity of its action to that of the morbid cause

of the disease for which it was being given, aggravated, or intensified, the very symptoms for which it had been given, it was, then, a matter of necessity that the quantity, or, as he termed it, the *potency* of the dose should be diminished. This reduction he soon began to make; and the same experience that obliged him to make the first reduction in the quantity, or potency of the dose, remained to denote the limit to which that reduction of the dose should be carried. In this, likewise, he was influenced by theory. This step was also the outcome of experience; so that both the single remedy and the diminished dose are direct derivatives from the law of similars and essentials for the

practice of Medicine under this law.

So far the man who had learned to think had followed the Baconian path, and thus far his conclusions are impregnable. He could have burned every line that he had written in exposition of his discovery and still prove the truth of this therapeutic law *by the literature of the very school that he had abjured*; and if its doubting disciples denied the records of their own teachers, he could still challenge them to disprove the newly-discovered therapeutic law *by such experiments as had led him to its discovery*. Such a refutation can never be accomplished, because before the creation of man the fiat of the Eternal had gone forth framing the laws that were to

govern the universe, and so long as the universe is governed by law the therapeutic truth that *magis venenum magis remedium est* must remain as fixed as gravity itself. To find the *remedy* in the *poison* is possible only under and by the guidance of the law of similars: it matters neither how loudly the heathen rage nor how long the people imagine a vain thing.

The porcelain painter's son was granted not only a far-off Pisgah vision of the Promised Land; he was also permitted to labor therein and to partake in all honor of the fruit of his long toil. Those years of storm and stress, so sore in the time of fiery trial, so grievous to the flesh, had in them the blessing that was "for the healing of the nations."

Ripe in years, richly rewarded with earthly goods, loved by the afflicted and revered by the world's wisest and best, he found his exceeding great reward. And while he sat in the vineyard, in the cool of the evening, there came to him the messenger of the Master of the Vineyard: and he arose and followed him.

“UNDER WHICH KING,
BEZONIAN?”

“Bezonian. From *bisogno*: a new levied soldier, such as comes needy to the wars.”—*Florio*.

The request of the faculty that I would lift up my voice once more in this familiar place was accepted promptly, as Dr. Dewey can testify; and this not that I am particularly fond of hearing my own mouth. I have heard that so long (and so have my friends) that it is getting monotonous. My friends are too polite to tell me so; but I know it “just the same.” Moreover, there

A lecture delivered, by request of the faculty, in the amphitheatre of the first Homœopathic Hospital, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the evening of April 13th.

is the quiet evening at home, the weary feet in the easy old slippers; the faithful pipe (almost the only friend that never "goes back" on us), the favorite books, whose charm grows stronger and dearer from the knowing that each reading is bringing one nearer and nearer to the last: all these combine to keep a spavined and wind-broken ex-professor away from places like this. Nevertheless, at the call, I at once agreed to come. Why? That is just exactly what I am going to try and tell you.

I am obliged to be somewhat auto-biographic, for I am going to deal with history of which I am a small part. This is why you must pardon so much of the "I" as will of necessity enter into this talk.

Only once before have I spoken

in this very room. The occasion was the inauguration of the first Homœopathic Hospital. To me, that was an impressive occasion; to-night it is even a solemn one. Then I looked into friendly faces that have long since gone as we must all go. Well do I remember just where they sat, those faithful old members of the *Homœopathic Hospital Association*. Believe me, you who are here to-night, I speak as one talking to the sacred dead. I may fall into error, for that is human, but not for all that I have will I knowingly utter one word which from its insincerity could disturb them where they are *now*. This is not the place for rancor; it is not the time for reproach: the utmost that can be allowed is reproof for wrong-doing, mis-doing,

not doing, — this and the friendly warning of the first and oldest worker in this field.

In the twenty-three years that this college has existed there have been many changes. This is stale news as regards the college; but it is not the college alone that I have in mind. I mean the outside changes that affect not only colleges but all in them and the great majority out of them. Civilization, as we delight to call it, has its mumps, and its measles — diseases incident to certain periods. Civilization is prone to delirium: what else was the Salem Witchcraft? Civilization has also its intervals of serene lucidity, and of storm and stress through which and by which the race levels a new lift and leaves the fabled anthropoid ancestor

farther and farther in the slimy depths of that Christless hypothesis. These are the changes I mean; and how strikingly and startlingly History reveals them! At times we need a long perspective to discern them, and this History affords. Contrast the England of Cromwell with that which Charles the Second directed: the one a conventicle resounding with psalm and prayer; the other a brothel of ribaldry and all unspeakable abominations. What an oscillation from one extreme to the other, from the supernal splendors of Milton's divine Epic to the unutterable lecherous leprosy of Wycherley's comedies.

Writers ascribe these mysterious transitions to an occult *Zeit-geist*, Time-spirit, Spirit of the Age.

Its influence it is that inaugurates now a "truce of God" and now a saturnalia as lurid and infernal as the French Revolution. In the dark days when "the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing" the faint of heart despair: as if the Eternal had fallen short of His purpose, as if OMNIPOTENCE were baffled!

It is "through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day." The astronomical fact is also the eternal fact behind and beyond all sublunary things. We may not question the Eternal's plan, we dare not interrogate His purpose. Duty remains; duty in sunshine, duty in storm; duty in the darkest night, — and to each comes the fateful challenge: "*Under which king?*"

The now-prevailing *Zeit-geist* is a questioning spirit, a doubting spirit, a mocking spirit, and it delights to masquerade disguised as Science. Science is "knowing," and the Spirit of the Age assumes the name though it does *not* know — it only itches *to* know. Its field of enquiry is the Natural, it does not recognize the Supernatural. It does not believe there is anything above and beyond sense. It does not *know* that there is not; and yet it is science and science is "knowing." It is a pretender in all that pertains to the supernatural; it is also a pompous pretense and braggart in much that pertains to the Natural as distinguished from the Supernatural. Such is the Spirit of the Age in which we live; a questioning spirit,

a doubting spirit, a mocking spirit, an irreverent spirit. To it nothing is sacred, not even the truth; for it is a falsity itself in that it assumes to know that which it does not *know*. Chemistry, for its purpose, is called a precise science; yet Chemistry is playing the juggler with hypothetical "atoms." Optics is an experimental and is also called a precise science; yet Optics is spinning cobwebs from hypothetical "undulations" in an equally hypothetical "ether." Mathematics itself, the most precise of all sciences, at last reaches a sphere wherein its conclusions are lame and impotent contradictions. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" is the edict pronounced to the intellect, and that by no mortal Canute.

For the science that recognizes the pride-purging limitations, the science which led Newton to compare himself with a child that has picked up a single pebble on the shore of a limitless ocean — the “knowing” that it *knows* so little — for this I have only reverence. But the science that is not clothed upon with humility is an arrogant mockery, a specious pretense. It is not the science for which men revere the Newtons and the Faradays: at its best it is knowledge without wisdom and therefore without humility. It is a foolish suckling that cries for the moon. Pseudo-science is making night hideous with that very cry.

Man and the monkey have one trait in common: both are imitators. We do not, indeed, know

that the monkeys are stuck up on this account; but many men are certainly proud of their proficiency in this line. Hence the popularity of the "fad." What is a fad but the device of one monkey imitated by others? Suppose "science" is made a fad: will it be obliged to offer a premium for science-aping Simians? It does not so appear. Many men are nothing if they are not "scientific" and worse than nothing when they are. Because some other men are scientific they would be considered so.

Understand me now beyond all chance of mis-conception: I am not referring to the science represented by a Newton and a Faraday, the Science that has the meekness of humility, the *Knowing* that *feels* the Illimitable. I mean the

science that falsely assumes the name, the arrogant science; and the special imitators to whom I refer — the tailless monkeys — are those whose assumptions are doubly false, because they affect this miserable “science” without even that knowledge of it which might, perhaps, palliate so pitiful an affectation. These are what might be called the *pseudo-pseudo-scientific*; these display all the arrogance of its assumptions without possessing what little of real “knowing” it may have. These are dreaded by all real scientists because like the bull in the china-shop, they can only make havoc with the stock in trade — they can only “smash things.” Emerson has said: “The grossest ignorance

does not disgust like this ignorant knowingness."

What if any number of such "scientists" should point the popguns of their "science" against the only system of Therapeutics that has law for its basis, law for its application, law for the experiment upon the healthy in the laboratory, law for the demonstration upon the diseased in the hospital. Suppose the noise of these innumerable little popguns were such, so incessant, so importunate, so indefatigably clamorous, that it distracted the student's attention from everything else. Suppose it dinned the ears of the practitioner at each bedside until he forgot everything else. Suppose it bewitched learned editors as the piper of Hamelin's tune did the

other vermin. Suppose it usurped the ears of the teachers in the colleges until they, the gowned apostles of the Faith, began to shoot their own little popguns and add to the clamor. Were not all this an enviable state of affairs! Thanks to the doubting, unbelieving, mocking, irreverent *Zeit-geist* and the "pure cussedness" of human-nature, such is the state of *things* to-day. The so-called "homœopathic" medical student is insensible of the infinite riches of his inheritance as a student of *Homœopathy*; the homœopathic practitioner is irresolute, his feet are not fixed on the bed rock that underlies his therapeutic system, but his hands are dirty with coal tar products that are a reproach to Therapeutics as a science, and he

himself is blown hither and thither by every varying wind of doctrine ; the editors—well, Homœopathy to-day has some editors, she has also *editors* “to burn” — the boneless sardines of the sanctum ; the professors—well, I want to return in safety to my family to-night, so “mum is the word !”

Professors, editors, practitioners, students I rejoice that such is the state of things, for it is the extremest oscillation of the pendulum to the sinister end of the arc, and not all the powers of darkness (editors included) can avert or pervert the directly opposite swing. That is the Divine compensation for all these dark ministrations. The truth must ever be tried by fire ; blow on Beelzebub, heat the crucible until the metals melt ; the

dross shall be utterly consumed, the refiner shall see his own face clearly in the thrice-refined residuum of sterling truth. I may not behold the completion of this purification with these old eyes of mine; but the Refiner has never yet failed of His purpose, never can fail. On that you may depend forever!

The Time-spirit, flippant, mocking, doubting, denying and irreverent; these I say are its characteristics. Consider the unabashed mendacity of the newspaper: who believes the modern newspaper? Consider the depravity of the modern Theatre, given up to the froth and filth of the debased Drama. Consider the cloud that overshadows our courts, the highest as well as the lowest. Consider

the mad struggle for wealth and the paralyzing power of riches. Consider the present purchasing-power of gold — it is the Jugger-naut that is crushing to death what little of truth and manliness there is left. Singleness of purpose, serious earnestness, sweet humility — all these are

“Caviare to the general.”

“There is no money in them,” says the Time-spirit; and it does not openly say it but it means, “There is nothing else in them.” The Time-spirit hath taken an inventory of all things, and marked them with their price: only the fool refuseth a good offer!

The flippancy, the mockery of all worthiness, the unbelief, the denials and the irreverence of To-

Day are the dry rot of the end of the century. And what is the outcome of all this? In the *nominally* Homœopathic school certain men have called in question Hahnemann's teachings, when the difference between them and him is such that they could not untie his shoestrings without a step-ladder. Men who are stultified by their record; testifying to the efficiency of potencies in one decade, denying it in the very next. If their first testimony is not reliable it challenges the competence of the testifier; if the first testimony is untrue what credentials have we for the veracity of the second. These are the pseudo-pseudo-scientists whom learned editors should put into the pillory, with the record of their infamy posted above their

heads. But journals and medical societies have the rather encouraged and disseminated the spawnings of such 'critical' cretins.

Remember that the right to critical doubt, the right to call in question, the right to challenge is vested in knowledge alone. The ignorant, the unqualified, the neophyte should be dumb; the adept, proven and approved, should not. All else is mere babblement, idle vanity, a mockery and a sham.

When the 'scientific' homœopath — that most perilous of wild fowl — assails Hahnemann's teachings in the windy medical journal or on the floor of the windier medical society, how many homœopathic students are qualified to judge the critic and the criticism? Indeed, I may ask, how many homœopathic

physicians? How many of either have ever read the ORGANON; how many have given it the serious and intelligent investigation that it both deserves and invites alike from friend and foe? If one is grossly ignorant of the ORGANON* — that declaration of, exposition of and defense of the principles and practice of Homœopathy — by what shadow of right does such an one assume the title 'homœopathic' physician? Does a dabster in the practice, as an art, pretend to a knowledge of the principles, as a science? Has not Homœopathy too many of such pretenders — 'doctors' that cannot for the life of them deliver the goods they ad-

* The ORGANON, as an exposition of the homœopathic doctrine, *of necessity includes the Introduction to Hahnemann's "Chronic Diseases."*

vertise? Can the truth, the absolute truth, the simple truth be presented, defended and triumphantly demonstrated by such advocates?

“The mill cannot grind with the water that has passed,” and I should bitterly reproach myself for my failure to include the study of the ORGANON in the early curriculum of this college, were it not for the turmoil and the torment of its first five years. I appeal to any old-time student who may be present whether in those early years I did not have both my hands and my heart full.

Aside from the intrinsic value which we its special acceptors find in it or ascribe to it, the ORGANON has indubitably these merits, and has them merely as a contribution to medical literature, namely, scholar-

ship that evinces wide research, and experimental investigation — much of which latter in its fields entirely new. Especially do I now refer to Hahnemann's *Dynamization Theory*. The ORGANON is the production of a scholar and a philosopher: of a man whom Jean Paul Richter pronounced "a double-headed prodigy of learning and philosophy."

I have, indeed, known some professors of the peck-measure species who called this estimation into question. They were 'all right:' what else could be expected from a peck measure? This is a free country, and every professor has the right to demonstrate his own capacity, but he should n't forget that in the process he is also making evident the extent of his own

incapacity. A common jackass appreciates the difference between a peck and a bushel: some professors are not up to that discernment! Do not conclude that I am referring to professors of the non-homœopathic variety only. No; I have heard a “homœopathic” peck-measure derogate Hahnemann in this very room; have heard more than one of such ‘do up’ Hahnemann—but he did it only with his mouth. And on those very seats sat the students of Homœopathy, and the professor talked and talked at them,

“And still they gazed and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew.”

(The college was nearly dead in those days, and I suppose that is

what brought such 'blow flies' here.)

The ORGANON has this peculiarity among medical books: it does not solicit unconditional acceptance: it does, however, challenge you to repeat the experiments upon which it is based, and to show by the results that it is a delusion and a falsity. Read Hahnemann's introduction to the pathogenesis of *Ipecacuanha*—then ransack the literature of Medicine and find me such another challenge as that. You cannot; nor has the man been born that can.

The history of Homœopathy shows that the ORGANON did not meet with unconditional acceptance; there were those who would not swear by the words of the master.

That pioneer quarterly, the *British Journal of Homœopathy*, bore on its title-page the significant motto: "In certis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas." It is a modification of the original, which reads, "In *necessariis* unitas." The modification is too dogmatic: Unity in matters that are certain is quite different from Unity in matters that are necessary. Hahnemann's theory of dynamization did not establish the 'certainty' of that theory, but the teachings of the ORGANON indubitably declare the 'necessity' for dynamization. When Hahnemann challenged the world to put to the test the therapeutic system that he advocated, he said "Imitate exactly." This makes the 'potency' as we term it, a 'necessity.' This all his ad-

herents have not allowed ; but can you 'imitate exactly' without it?

It will be a fortunate day for you under-graduates when the hard knocks of experience shall have taught you that the 'potency' is indeed an essential factor. I learned this late, but I have learned it! For long years I was a 'kicker.' In my first pocket-case every liquid was a mother tincture and not a single trituration had I above the third decimal. Surely, it was a kind Providence that saved me from becoming the undertaker's delight! To tell you the truth, for confession is good for the soul, I once got an arsenical poisoning nicely started — and I wasn't making a proving on a patient, either. Oh, but I was a stiff-necked bull of Bashan in those days : you see, I

knew a great deal more than I do now. A few years after that exploit with a low potency of arsenic, I was instigated by a fellow physician to turn my microscope upon the triturations of the metals. I did so, and just as fully expected to blow up the Dynamization Theory as the man who touched the button did the unsuspecting Maine. I will only add that the end of that line of research led me to make some dilutions myself and to carry them as high as the thirtieth. I did this so as to *know* that I had the thirtieth. I began to test them clinically : —

It is my firm conviction that the man who expects to *blow up*, not the theory of dynamization, but the fact that dilutions are potential therapeutic agencies, has most

assuredly "bit off more than he can chew." The phrase is n't elegant, but the *fact* is! My faith in the potencies is not a suit of old clothes inherited from a professional god-father. It was made to order; it was made to fit; I earned it and I have paid for it; I, too, can give account for the faith that is in me. This is not egotism; I have earned the right to declare that I think I am qualified to take the stand as a witness; and for that you will find me *semper paratus*.

I do not care to specify how many years it is since the homœopathic 'scientists' began to "get in their work" on the theory of dynamization. They have since been blown so high that if they are "docked for the time they were up in the sky" it will bankrupt

the breed. They appealed unto Cæsar, and "science" is the Cæsar of that appeal. To annihilate one theory they attack it with another. They took Hahnemann's dynamization theory and Dalton's atomic theory, tied these by their tales and hung them over the clothes line to fight it out after the manner of the Kilkenny cats. Of the cat they bet on there is only the *tale* left,—it is, indeed, "a thing of beauty," but it is not "a joy forever," as they would have the simple imagine.

The night would fail me to tell you of the funny things these 'scientists' did with their microscopes and of the impossible things they tried to do. I give them the 'benefit of the clergy'—and they need it.

Dalton's atomic theory needs what are called molecules. It assumes them. Hahnemann assumed his *dynameis*. As what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, we will let these assumptions offset one another, and call the two theorists, Dalton and Hahnemann, "even." But, says the *homœopathic* 'scientist,' the molecule is recognized by its behaviour under certain conditions. That is exactly true of the *dynameis*, declares the ORGANON. At the end of this round Hahnemann and Dalton are "even" again. (If it goes on in this way it is going to be a drawn battle.) But long before these homœopathic 'scientists' were clout-stainers, the ORGANON declared that a certain degree of subdivision set free a

dynameis, or spirit in every material substance, which thereupon displayed properties not observed in the undivided substance.

That is the Dynamization Theory in a nutshell. Now it had been better if Hahnemann had remembered Newton's "*Hypotheses non fingo*." Alas! it is the itch of trying to explain the unexplainable that trips us all. That trituration and succussion "set free an imprisoned spirit" is an hypothesis framed to explain a fact. The fact is impregnable; the hypothesis is a flimsy figment. You can demonstrate the fact; the explanation of the fact is a bird that you can never catch by sprinkling the salt of hypothesis on its tail.

Be it remembered, there were no hypothetical molecules dreamed of

when the Dynamization Theory was framed; otherwise Hahnemann might have said: liberated drug-molecules display therapeutic properties not observed in the crude substance. What then? Simply this: the latest discoveries in molecular physics would bear him out and would bring forward a Crookes' tube to make the visible demonstration of the fact. The clinical application of the homœopathic 'potency' is the Crookes' tube that substantiates the fact in the Hahnemannian theory of dynamization.

I said the appeal was unto Cæsar, and science the Cæsar of that appeal. It is to be hoped that 'scientists' of the homœopathic species will go to school and learn the alphabet of science: then they

may be able to read the handwriting on the wall. It is quintessential irony itself that a graduate from the medical college over the way — the orthodox church around the corner — has recently written in a devastating little book that the latest discoveries in molecular science bear out every one of Hahnemann's teachings that pertains to that branch of science. I have yet to read any refutation of his declaration. I commend his book to the attention of those professors who annually annihilate Homœopathy with their — mouth. Really, I do not believe the jawbone of an ass is what it is "cracked up to be!"

Turning for a moment to the science that is not 'homœopathic,' to the science that "has the name

blown in the bottle, none genuine without it," we find in it some singularly suggestive thought for the homœopathic physician. At present this science is deeply enamoured of what it is pleased to call "cultures." In other words, its bottled bacteria, microbes, bacilli — things that are made even more formidable by the names given them in scientific baptism. Let some of these sesquipedalian indescribables conclude to hold a 'family reunion' in the neighborhood of the appendix vermiformis, and lo! the scientist who has "caught on" has his exceeding great reward; for the inevitable "operation" fetches anything from five dollars to five thousand. "Thousands of dollars for a skilled operator," writes a New York sur-

geon recently, and the tender pathos with which he mentions 'our beautiful surgery' is infinitely touching. Some of these unco scientifics say these festive picnickers are the *causes* of disease; others just as severely scientific declare that they are the *consequences* of disease; and still other scientists find that these identical critters with unpronounceable names are *present in both health and disease*. You who are students here pay your money and take your choice; but you may be conditioned at your examination if your fancy doesn't happen to coincide with the 'partikilervanity' of the professor of bacteriology in your immediate vicinity. It is dangerous to 'monkey' with the scientific buz-saw, isn't it?

But having bereft the colon of

its appendix (and pocketed the fee), the performance is not yet over. Science is as insatiable as the worm that never dies. The word reminds me that it is the patient that has to do the dying, not the surgeon.

He that cuts and gets his pay
Remains to cut another day.

That is when 'tuberculosis' sets in. The 'operation' was a splendid success, thanks to 'our beautiful surgery,' and the 'tuberculosis' is also a success. If you doubt it, just ask the sleek undertaker. And this is 'Science,' — God save the mark !

The latest pronouncement of this charnel-house science is that tuberculosis is omnipresent, — it has a railroad pass and the freedom of

the city; for its bacillus may play its pranks any- and everywhere.

Now you pitiful 'homœopathic' physicians who are hankering for the flesh-pots of such 'science,' please remove the caked boracic acid from your ears and listen. I propose, as you are so fond of names, that we exchange. Just for a few minutes, — I don't mean a 'swap for keeps.'

I am fully satisfied with an older name than 'tuberculosis.' Instead, then of 'tuberculosis' read '*psora*.' Science says that tuberculosis is omnipresent: it can play havoc anywhere. Hahnemann had long before said as much of *psora*. All that science to-day explains by its last rag doll, 'tuberculosis,' Hahnemann had far earlier 'explained' by his '*psora*.' One calls it a

bacillus, the other a dyscrasia: what does it matter to the *pathological fact* underlying both names?

“ ’Tis strange there should such difference be

’Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.”

And while the ‘schools’ are splitting hairs about names, names, names the smitten are languishing and dying. O Science and pseudo-science stop you ‘cultures.’ Death will see that germs do not become extinct. Turn from them, and in the name of God and Humanity, provide us with saving destructives. Such songs as you are singing have no music in them for the aching hearts of the widow and the fatherless.

Having mentioned the pathological fact underlying the names ‘*psora*’ and ‘tuberculosis,’ allow me

to give what I believe an evidence of the existence of such a fact, call it what you will. The last visitation of the epidemic called *la Grippe* came to us in the early winter of 1889, and with some modifications has continued ever since. The genius of the epidemic has not changed, the qualifying adjectives have; but these do not perplex or deceive the philosophical observer. The homœopathic physician who found the similimum in 1889, and it is a single remedy, did his work 'pleasantly, quickly and safely' with it; he could, as a rule, dismiss his patient on the fourth day. Now the pathology of the epidemic disease explains the cardiac sequelæ, the derangement of the heart's rhythm, the choreic ventricular action, and

that "heart failure" which is such a convenient name for that shot-rubbish — a physician's ignorance.

Now in many of the cases, the majority, in fact, treated by me in 1889 the heart to-day is doing as well as ever it did, while in others the heart has never been right since. Why? I am not going to offer a dogmatic theory — for I hold all theory cheaply — but remembering what Hahnemann has written of *psora* (of the pathological fact), I incline to the belief that the cases treated by the undoubted similimum for the *genius epidemicus*, yet having these deranged hearts in spite of it, are instances of the psoric diathesis, or dycrasia. There is certainly in these cases something that frustrates the complete curative action of the simili-

mum for the grippe pure and simple. A philosopher calls it '*psora*,' a modern microscopist calls it 'tuberculosis:' be it whatever it may, the thing for you to remember is that, changing the names or throwing them both away, the science of to-day corroborates the hard pathological fact which is independent of any name.

This is all that true science can ever do for and to Homœopathy: corroborate whatsoever of truth it hath in it. There is not a single truth entrusted to the mind of man that need fear aught from science, for Science is ever and always the servant of Truth.

Considering the peculiar environment of this college, have not some of you, teachers as well as students, at times forgotten this? O ye of little faith!

Teachers and students, remember your inheritance ; be proud of it ; be true to its demands ; forget not its deservings. Devote all that in you is to the comprehension and the *apprehension* of it ; make all knowledge, the fulness of knowledge, tributary to it — for such all truth is.

Like the prince in the story, Science is walking the earth with the lost glass slipper in its hand seeking the rightful wearer thereof. Many false claimants are “ trying it on ” and vainly. In the fulness of time Cinderella shall be known ; contempt and contumely may be heaped upon her by the proud and haughty ones now in high places ; but it is she only whom the prince will espouse.

Now go from hence and witness

the blandishments of 'science;' behold the glamour of her laboratories, hearken to the tales of wonder told therein. Hold fast all that is good. Then read your ORGANON, master it, apply its truths at the bedside. Let the years bring to you the ripe fruit of all this. Do not be impatient. Remember that "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Perhaps when you are gleaning the precious aftermath in thankfulness, you may give a passing thought to the memory of the worn-out workman who came to you by night, bringing the challenge: "*Under which king?*"

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